

REASON AND FAITH resemble the two sons of the patriarch; reason is the first-born, but faith inherits the blessing.

THE

THE NATURAL MAN receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness to him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned.

WAR

CRY



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THE MUDFISH TO THE HERON.—"I am well posted on mud, worms and slime!" —See page 11.

FAMOUS SONGS.

THE MUDFISH AND THE HERON.

A Backslider's Plea.

"If You Cannot on the Ocean."

Strictly speaking one would not call this a "hymn," and yet none who have heard PHILLIP PHILLIPS sing it will doubt its fitness to be a sacred song.

It comes into notice through the admiration felt for it by PRESIDENT LINCOLN, but for a long time its authorship was not known.

MRS. GATES of Elizabeth, N.Y., the authoress, gives the account of its origin as follows:

"The lines were written upon my slate one snowy afternoon in the winter of 1860. I knew as I know now, that the poem was only a simple little thing, but somehow I had a presentiment that it had wings, and would fly into sorrowful hearts, uplifting and strengthening them."

This has been fulfilled. Many "may forget the singer," but they "will not forget the song."

The most appropriate comment upon the piece itself was Abraham Lincoln's own life. This interesting story is told to show how firmly the colored people believed in him as God's chosen messenger, and in his "mission" to their race:

"On a certain day, when there was quite a large gathering of the people, considerable confusion was caused by different persons attempting to tell who and what 'Massa Linkum' was."

In the midst of the confusion the white-headed lender commanded silence.



"BREDEBIN, YOU DON'T KNOW NOSSEN."

"Brederin," said he, "you don't know nossen what you're talkin' bout. Now you've just listen to me Massa Linkum he everwhar. He know everythin'," they solemnly looking up he added:

"He Walk de Earf Like de Lord."

When this story was told to the President, he did not smile, but rose from his chair and walked in silence two or three times across the floor. Then he said: "It is a momentous thing to be the instrument, under Providence, of the liberation of a race."



L. B. L. A. Sister Blodgett of Palmerston. She loves Lazarus and looks after his needs. Her last quarter's collection amounted to \$9.83, and she supervises no less than 80 box holders. Will readers pray that God may make her still more successful?

"I can't Imagine it!"

CAN THE MUDFISH UNDERSTAND the language of the Heron?

He lives at the bottom of his black turpid pond.

His world is mud, ooze and slime. He knows of nothing else. He has always lived there and will die in the same place, in the same condition.

Were it possible for some one to go down and tell this creature of the dark of something better, of a bright, beautiful world

Above the Surface of the Pond,

a world of AIR AND SUNSHINE, a world of trees and flowers, a world of beauty, with feathered creatures gorgeously plumaged, filling the day with sweet musical sounds; a world of glorious possibilities, a world in which we may know and enjoy our Creator, glorifying Him by our perfect submission and obedience to His will, would or could the Mudfish understand it?

Could he comprehend anything so entirely foreign to his nature and environment?

His whole life has been lived in mud and darkness. Could he know anything of the clear atmosphere or the warm sunlight above?

I fear not!

He would be apt to smile sarcastically and say, "I CAN'T IMAGINE anything like that. It no doubt exists in your mind, of which it is (in my opinion) the offspring. This is the only world I know anything about, and my object is to take all the enjoyment I can out of it. I am well posted on mud and worms and slime, having made them a special study; but the world you talk about is SIMPLY A MYTH, formed to your own imagination and does not merit serious thought. My motto is, one world at a time and unke the most of it."

As with the Mudfish, SO WITH THE SKEPTIC.

He is too busy with the muckraker of selfishness, searching for material things, burrowing in

The Mud of Worldly Wisdom

for that which bewilders, mocks and vanishes; crawling in the oozy slime of sensuality, pleasures that are not only transient, but delusive and which never fail to bring upon those who sow to their lusts a harvest of suffering, a terrible retribution.

When he is told of a spiritual life and a spiritual world, he impatiently transcending the natural life, which is helplessly sinful and at enmity against God, a world which eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him, he cannot receive the testimony. The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him, neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned.

When he is told that in order to apprehend spiritual things we must be born of the Spirit, he will, in all probability, reply as did Nicodemus to Christ, "HOW CAN THESE THINGS BE?"

Staff-Captain Acum of the Foreign Office, a man of eminent humour, was educated in an Irish college.

Brigadier Jefferies has in view the acquisition of a new Prison-gate Brigade Home, and the opening of a Shelter and Workshop for the unemployed of Brisbane.

Major Rolfe of Jamaica, has been celebrating the Army's Thirtieth anniversary of the emancipation of slaves. Three days' good meetings were held. Fifty officers were present at the council which had traveled 1470 miles on foot (averaging thirty-six miles per officer) to be present. For one of them are native officers. A great soldiers' council and All-night of prayer was also held.

The Earth Revolved Before Newton's Day.

"I CAN'T IMAGINE IT," said a man who professed to be an honest seeker after the truth; but who, upon better acquaintance, I found to be one of a numerous class who might be very appropriately labelled, "NONE SO BLIND AS THOSE WHO WON'T SEE." If I desired to know the truth about natural astronomy, or the physical geography of the earth, a few facts as truth is known) certainly would not study the elements of mechanism or the laws of expansion or contraction; neither could I reasonably expect to find the truth about God in the

Pages of Infidel Literature.

Facts remain facts whether we understand them or not.

They cannot be imagined, they must be known.

The law of gravitation was a fact before the creation of man, but it was reserved for a Newton to discover and demonstrate the fact to the satisfaction of the human mind.

It was a fact, that the planets Uranus and Neptune belonged to our solar system and were gravitating round the sun on the confines of the system long before anything was known concerning them.

The enormous power and marvellous performances of steam and electricity were possible facts countless ages before Watts, Stephenson, Morse, Lord Kelvin and Edison were born into this world. Behind these and all other forces there is a POWER THAT IS MAKING FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS.

That Power is God.

The first, the greatest of all facts. If we are not able to comprehend it there is something wrong, we are not complete. It is not God's fault, it is our own. He is willing to make us whole the moment we are willing to accept Him. No need to imagine it. It is our privilege TO KNOW.

"None so Blind as Those That Won't See."

A man may have the worldly wisdom of a Solomon, but be lamentably ignorant of those matters which pertain to the soul's eternal welfare. Without a knowledge of Christ it is impossible to have a correct knowledge of self; for the human heart is not only desperately wicked, but it is deceitful. If the plan of salvation is not clear to us, it is because we are

Blinded by the God of this World,

because we desire to reverse God's plan. He says, "Seek and ye shall find."

The sinner says, "LET ME FIND FIRST."

God says, "Believe and thou shalt know. Do My will and ye shall know of the doctrine."

MAQINISTA.

POOR SKEPTIC, poor sinner, here is God's Word to you: "Rejoice O young man in the days of thy youth and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment. For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil." We cannot escape judgment; cannot get away from the living God. After Death it is continuance; when the body returns to the earth, that which animated it will return to God, no matter what its condition is; whether it be holy or filthy, it must continue to live.

Tune—"Call Me Back Again," or, "Praying alone Alone." Oh blessed Lord, my soul has wandered from Thee, And in my sin I've grown so hard and cold; I loved Thee once, and in the war delighted, But in the world I, Thee, my Lord, have sold! If I come back, in love with Thee receive me? Or wilt my cry to Thee be all in vain? No, Thine will hear my prayer, forgive my wanderings, Have mercy, Lord, I'm coming back again!

Chorus.

Coming back again, coming back again, I do believe in love Thou wilt receive me again. Have mercy, Lord, I'm coming back again!

Thy heart I've grieved, like Peter I disowned Thee, And wilfully provoked Thee to Thy face; Now lost, undone, and oh, so helpless, With broken heart, I come to Thee for grace.

Thy love is great, Thy every promise faithful, Heal my backsliding, come, within me reign! Destroy all sin, prepare Thyself a temple, With yearning soul, I'm coming back again!

Thou dost restore the joy of Thy salvation! My sin is purged, I'm cleansed from every stain.

Oh grant me now Thy power to keep me faithful, Prevent me Lord, from wandering again. My body, soul, and spirit now I yield Thee.

To follow Thee through mocking or through shame, I'll seek the lost, upheld by Thy free Spirit, And bring the wanderers to Thy fold again.

ENSIGN MACDONALD.

A Collection Ditty.

Tune—"Last May a brow woeer." Some folks like the Army, and think they do good— That their ways offer food for reflection. And are willing to stay while they sing, speak or pray; But oh how they shun the collection! (See chorus at end.)

They listen with pleasure to all that is said; Then the band plays a fancy selection.

And, well I declare! they will sit there and stare, And forget all about the collection!

Now, an officer's life is a hard one, we know, And they're often a prey to dejection.

From care they'd be free, and how happy they'd be, If they'd never forget the collection!

The salvation chariot is rolling along, And with it we may have a collection.

For it never could go without singing, you know, And the best kind of offer a collection!

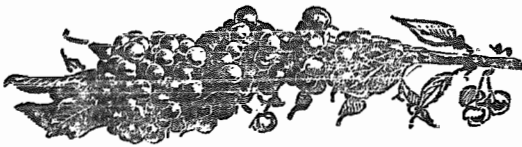
When the battle is over, and heaven is won, Our Saviour will meet with affection.

For His Word does declare His love we shall share, If we cheerfully help the collection!

Chorus.

Then give with a will, boys, and do what you can, You'll never be met with rejection. And heaven will grant a grand vote of thanks

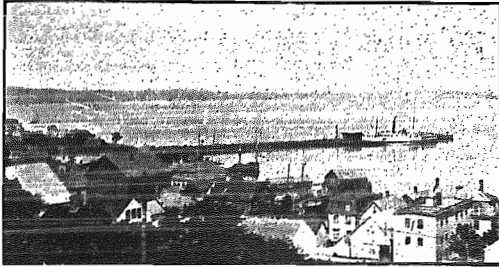
To all who have helped the collection! M. L. Victoria, B.C.



IN ACADIE.

DIGBY—A Town of White Houses, Embowered Among Cherry-trees and Apple-Scented Orchards, with Shaded Trees and Fragrant Pathways.

"HERE JESUS LIVES AND MAKES OUR CAUSE HIS OWN."



DIGBY PIER and HARBOR, with the Bay of Fundy in full view.

Troubled Times that are Past.

IN THE PEACEFUL REPOSE of the Annapolis valley even a few rusting cannon, or the ruins of ancient ramparts, walls and ditches, seem to add by contrast to the atmosphere of rest and beauty.

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BUT ONE MIGHT AS WELL ASSET that there was no need of missionaries in India, or China, or Japan, as to say that the Salvation Army was not needed in Digby. It is not the Christian's motto to speak, or write, or study on evil things; so we can only assure those who have grasped the faith to press on toward our mark and high calling which is in Christ Jesus.

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DIGBY AND ITS SUBURBS have for several years past been watering-places. Hundreds of people from the United States flock here during the summer months to enjoy the scenery and good wholesome air of this Nova Scotian city, situated on the western end of the Annapolis Basin.

We have often heard the old inhabitants tell of

Indian Outrages

here in early times—stories which have been gathered from our ancestors.

At the entrance of Annapolis Basin is a deep gap through the wall, called DIGBY CUP. Here we have Point Prim lighthouse and fog alarm. Here

also are famous picnic grounds, much enjoyed by tourists.

Digby is also famed for its smoked herrings, "bladders," haddock, and shad.

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Cherries Ripe and Red.

A COVE makes in around the upper part of the town named the "Joggin," which is the Indian word for "mitten," the cove being shaped like a mitten and thumb. A railroad bridge spans this water, known as the Joggin bridge. Another cove comes in around the lower part of the town called the "Raquette," which is the Indian word for snow-shoe, the cove being shaped like a snow-shoe with a bridge called the Raquette bridge.

LOOKING EASTWARD from Digby may be seen the beautiful hills of BEAR RIVER, with a town of the same name. This place has a great many cherry orchards.

Crowds of Excursionists

go there during the month of July to feast on cherries, many regardless of the Lord's Day, giving the preacher a good deal of extra preaching, but we do not know that it does the parties much good, as they may rarely hear the sermons, or hear tell of them.

BEAR RIVER builds ships, exports lumber, and associates with the flavor and delicacy of its cherries.

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Digby is well supplied with



SUMMER RESORT at Broad Cove, six miles from Digby, on the Bay of Fundy.



VICTORIA BRIDGE, crossing Bear River, with Digby Gut beyond.

churches, and the old Presbyterian house of worship is now occupied by the Army. Capt. Hallyard and Lieut. Christopher were the first to take charge—about eight years ago. There are reports that the first officers who were stationed there were often even in want of necessary food. In 1890 Captain Rayner took charge, with a nice list of naval—on the broke.

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By the Bay of Fundy's Fury.

AFTERWARDS SOME CONVERTS were won at BROAD COVE, about six miles away, situated on the Bay of Fundy. After Captain Curry came Captain Ashford, assisted a while by Lieut. Andrews, then by Lieut. Wilson, who have both since been made Captains. Next followed Captain McCabe, who purchased that good old horse, Dan, with the word

"Salvation" on His Bridle

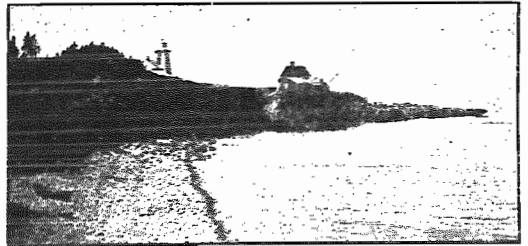
Some people who are living in the country loved to see Dan, and would not hesitate to give him a good feed of hay from their barns; but, alas, Dan is off into other corners, and goes

about carrying meat to supply the body. Capt. Bennett labored very hard to clear the debt. Many officers, good and true, but too numerous to mention, followed in the brave fight for souls. During Captain McCray's term THE NEW BARRACKS was opened. Mr. Bowels, Sergeant-Major, who is at present Digby's policeman.

Bears the Flag Bravely.

We are sure he is suitable for a policeman, as far as the strength of the arm is concerned, as he worked at the blacksmith trade for several years, and the wielding of the hammer has strengthened his sinews. We have at present Captain Laura Brabant, and hope that she may gain power from God as she endeavors to hold up a crucified Redeemer to a dying world, winning precious souls to His bleeding feet.

MRS. ELIZABETH BAIN.



POINT PRIM LIGHT HOUSE and FOG ALARM—famous picnic grounds.

THOUGHT-FLASHES.

BY CAPTAIN BARR.



FLASH FOLLOWED FLASH, without seeming intermission, to the music of an almost unbroken roll of thunder. I stood at the quarters' window watching the lightning. Somehow it had a wonderful fascination just then, and as I watched it my mind was busy.

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A QUERY presented itself. Undoubtedly it has occupied the mind of many others, namely, "Would there ever be a time when man would be able to

Bridle that Electric Current

and subject it to his will?" Of course it remains a query still.

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There was ANOTHER THOUGHT, however, presented itself, more easily followed. Is there no, in me, and in every other individual, something that in some respect resembles this lightning? Was there not in thought a similarly, in more senses than one? "Like lightning," and "quick as thought," are everyday expressions. Truly with lightning speed do thoughts course through the mind!

What POWER IS WRAPPED UP in them, and what possibilities!

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YONDER DENIGHTED TRAVELLER strives in vain to urge forward his trembling steed.

A flash of lightning reveals a yawning chasm at his feet. Another step forward would have meant certain death.

Is it not possible that at some future day a similar flash might have carried to that same individual that death it now saved him from and hurriedly cast him over the precipice of time?

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SO IT IS WITH THOUGHT. Some reveal danger and bring blessing. Others carry in them the very fires of hell, and allowed free course, mean death and destruction.

The question returns, can a man's thoughts be bridled—brought into subjection—controlled? The majority say "NO."

By those in the habit of dealing with people about spiritual things, how often is the expression heard, "Of course we can't help our thoughts." But then the apostle says WE CAN. He talks of "the weapons" of the Christian's warfare not being "earthly," but "mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds, casting down the imaginations, and bringing into captivity, every thought to the obedience of Christ."

EVOLUTION OF A STUPID BOY.

I WAS A STUPID BOY, had no means, would not learn at school. FIGHTING WAS MY FORTÉ, and I was a champion at that, loved to beat some boy older and larger than myself, until some of my mother's warnings came up to think. Then the Spirit of God took hold of me. I had no peace until I fell on my knees and asked God to take away my sin. He did it. The desire to fight was gone, except to engage in the great warfare against sin and the devil. I felt at once my ignorance keenly, knew it was my own fault that I did not understand how to read. When urged to unite with the church I refused, fearing lest my ignorance should be exposed.

Soon after this I became acquainted with a little Roman Catholic girl, whom I loved, and notwithstanding the difference in our creeds I married her.

FOR A LONG TIME previous to this I had felt that God had wanted me to launch out more upon His word, and I knew more of Him, but I had not sought to understand His will concerning me, and consequently was striving to serve Him in the dark. I became more concerned with ineffectual responsibilities. I did not wish to consult my minister, having before refused his advice. My wife also became anxious about her soul. She wanted to go to her priest, but we were thirty miles away. I then RESORTED TO PRAYER, night and day. We soon saw the light.

Praise God, my wife was beautifully saved. It was no trouble for me to find out God's will. We both had a burning desire to bring souls to His feet, and each took a class in Sabbath school. You may ask how could you teach, neither knowing how to read.

God Taught Us

that, too. We had beautiful seasons. Many were brought to a knowledge of the truth. Our scholars, too, were educated. God used the foolish to confound the wise.

I have had some beautiful instances, too, of the effect of prayer in my life. Once I was on board a vessel on the Pacific, where some GERMAN SEA PIRATES were amusing themselves by dancing on Sunday. Being a Presbyterian, Sabbath-breaking was a terrible sin to me. I at once urged the captain to stop it. This he did. "When I was known to be the cause of it my life was endangered. While out swimming one day, a German, a huge monster, raised his fire-arms, with intention of shooting me. I had no way of helping myself, but a prayer to God soon made him flee.

Yes, perfect obedience brings victory. I had quite a time before I would consent to unite with the S. A. I was a Salvationist long before I knew it.

I well remember the first time I tried to testify for Jesus. I shook from head to foot. But, praise God, every time I obey Him He rewards me. I am now a soldier UNDER THE YELLOW, RED, AND BLUE.

PETERBORO.—Sellers saved, soldiers sanctified, help and blessing. Sunday, wonderful times all day. One soul—S. C. May.

KINGSTON.—Mighty week of work and toil. Our Harvest Festival brought in \$100, but we got the grand amount of \$185. Portsmouth, our output, 200,000, which was five over the target. (Capt. W. G. for English McLean.

CALBERT.—Everything hustle and bustle. Farmers busy, and the Salvation Army is busy, too. Right to the Harvest Festival. Coming over our target. Jolly, happy week-end. Our backslider and a couple of trouble-makers were baptized. A sister got a full salvation. Every one bubbling up with joy and thanksgiving. The sinners got happy because our backslider brother came back. After the meeting the sinners stole the barrels and stole all the fruit he could find. But we are praying God will save the tools that he used.—A. W.



A BACKSLIDER'S DOOM.

The Backslider's Doom.

A Captain in charge of A BACK-BLOCK TOWNSHIP, when surveying his Sunday night audience, was delighted to see a man who, some time back, had occupied a prominent position among the soldiers, having been a commissioned local officer. Under the stress of peculiar temptation he had, unfortunately, given way and had become AN OPEN BACKSLIDER. The Captain made up his mind to make

Tuesday night cottage meeting, and was again powerfully pleaded with, but without avail; still the same answer—"I'll wait till Colonel Dowdle comes" (the Colonel was expected on the Friday afternoon.)

On Thursday evening, the work for the day being over, our backsliding comrade took his way home, and was soon seated at the tea table, surrounded by his wife and family. While engaged in serving some meat to the children, he

Suddenly Fell Back

in his chair, knife and fork in hand. Consternation fell upon the family group; they hurriedly rushed to the stricken one's side, only to find that he had breathed his last.

On Friday afternoon, when Colonel Dowdle arrived, the Captain poured into his ear the tragic tale. The backslider, who had put off his salvation until the Colonel's coming, had gone into eternity.

On Saturday, as the sad little funeral procession wended its way to the cemetery, the Colonel watched the coffin being carried on the shoulders of some stalwart Salvationists. It was all he ever saw of the backslider who waited for him. In the face of such an awful warning, how true are the words, "He that being often reproved in his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy."—Australian Cry.



'I Draw the Line at That.'

I'm willing to be a soldier, I'm willing to speak and pray; I'm willing to sing a solo And to help in a general way; I'm willing to show my colors, To give up my Sunday hat— But when it comes to tobacco, I draw the line at that!

I'm willing to fire my cartridges, I'm willing to sell the Cry; I'm willing to be a door-keeper, I'm almost willing to die; I'm willing to be derided, To be called a dog or cat; But when it comes to tobacco I draw the line at that!

I'd like to be the Treasurer, I'd like to be the show; I'd like to march behind the band, I'd like a paper "go"; But when you come of tobacco, I begin to smell a rat.

For though I'd join God's Army, Yet I draw the line at that!

ADJUTANT PHILLIPS,
Jamaica.

The Word of God 'aved Him.

A most interesting story is told of the Chitral campaign. It is of one of the King's Own Scottish Borderers having his life saved by his Bible, the story being vouched for by Captain Macfarlane of that regiment. It was during the forcing of the Hindukush Pass that the Borderer fell, being hit heavily in the chest. Captain Macfarlane ran to him, and, opening his coat, found that the bullet, the impact of which had forced him to the ground, was buried in his ribs. The volume had been given to him by one of the nursing sisters in the hospital at Pindi, where he had been a patient. —Mail and Empire, Toronto.

West 14th Street Jottings.

The event of the week is THE MIDNIGHT OPEN AIR, led by Mrs. Ballington Booth, with the slum soldiers and officers and the Headquarters staff at Battery Place, New York City.

Previous to the open air Mrs. Booth had A TEA AND COUNCIL with her slum officers and soldiers. To be there and see on every hand, some of the most remarkable trophies of God's grace, was enough, to make any Salvationist leap for joy.

Then came a march down BROADWAY TO THE BATTERY. Everyone has heard of Broadway, but never before has the Army been privileged to march down that great thoroughfare. By the time the Battery was reached thousands were following the march, which was headed by a combined band. The best of attention was paid to everything that was said, and although the crowd was an extremely rough one, when two of our slum ladies sang,

"Your mother still prays for you, Jack,"

the silence was intense.

And now for a grand hallo-hallo. No less than TWENTY-THREE knelt AT THE DRUM HEAD on the pavement. Glory to God for ever; It is proposed to continue these midnight meetings all over the city.

The arresting devil is at large again. All over the country our officers and soldiers are being arrested and carried into litch jails for preaching the Gospel. Staff-Capt. Winchell, officers and soldiers have been locked up in Madison, Wis., and just as I write, a wire comes from Staff-Capt. Gifford, to tell us that officers and soldiers in Pontiac, Mich. have been arrested and outrageously treated.

Plans for self-denial week are beginning to loom up, and rumors of an immense Congress in the fall reach our ears.

THE INTERVALS.

In the kitchen doorway, underneath its arch of swaying vines and dependent purple clusters, the old woman sat, tired and warm, vigorously fanning her face with her calico apron.

"Thanksgiving Ann."

Her name was oddly acquired from an old anthem that she used to sing somewhat on this wise:—

"Thankgivin' an'—

"Johnny, don't play dar in de water, child!"

"Thankgivin' an'—

"Run away now, Susie, dearie!

"Thankgivin' an'—

"Take care o' dat breaded baby! Here's some gingerbread for him.

"Thankgivin' and de voice of melody."

You laugh! But looking after all these little things was her work, her duty; and she spent the intervals in singing praise. De many of us make better use of our spare moments?

HIG-LY H NORED.

"Brer," Thomas soliloquized somewhat loudly at the Baptist camp-meeting, to the effect that his mother, in the good old days of yore, used to make the dust fly from his coat-tails to the tune of "Palm of Victory." We rejoice that the average small boy should consider himself highly honored when spunked to that air, as it is delightfully inspiring when applied with a slipper, and bringeth forth the peaceable fruits of righteousness. —Pacific Coast Cry.

Capt. Stevens of Slough, appeared before the magistrates, and was asked if she was prepared to pay the fine. She replied, "No." "Was she prepared to go to prison?" "Yes." "Would she promise not to have any more meetings?" "She could not!" She was given another fortnight to think it over.



OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

A Journal devoted to the salvation of the lost and sanctification of the saved, together with the propagation of the Salvation War in all places.
Address all communications to the Editor, Salvation Army Headquarters, Toronto.

OUR THIRTEENTH.

The distribution of our 13th Anniversary Celebrations to the various Provincial centres is a praiseworthy piece of administration, and will secure the gratitude and enthusiastic appreciation of our comrades in the Provinces, who reap the benefit.

Ho, for the Provinces!

The dates chosen are particularly opportune, and the arrangements are such that a very great many of our people, soldiers and friends, as well as officers, will have the opportunity of seeing their Commissioner face to face and hearing his weighty and striking declarations on eternal truths.

A Genuine Privilege.

Those who know the Commandant best love and respect him the most. It is therefore with especial pleasure we call the attention of our readers to his Provincial campaigns, and advise them on no account to miss the glorious times coming on.

SAVE SOULS.

SOUL-SAVING is the key-note of the hour. The Commandant is evidently determined to keep the main issue well to the front during these Thirteenth Anniversary Demonstrations. Every man and woman in the ranks should elicit his efforts in this respect.

We wish to call the earnest attention of each and everyone to TWO ESSENTIAL FACTORS in securing the success we all crave.

First.

"HE THAT WINNETH SOULS IS WISE." That is, an unwise person will not win them, wisdom is essential. Wisdom is defined to be "the best choice of means to an end." The temperature of the atmosphere of a hall, its size, the methods of attracting the people's attention to the meetings, and very many other material things influence very strongly the success of a campaign; the arranging of these matters is in the hands of the Provincial Secretaries, who are wise and experienced in all these matters, but the rank and file must remember that no general can win a fight, let him be a veritable Wellington, unless his soldiers are responsive to his plans and purposes; therefore it is at this very point we desire first to especially enlist the co-operation of the soldiers for the sake of souls. For the sake of never-dying souls we all want to see saved, mind your leader's instructions and carry them out like clock-work.

Secondly.

"NOT BY MIGHT NOR BY POWER, BUT BY MY SPIRIT, SAITH THE LORD." The arrangements may be perfect, obedience prompt and particular, the whole machinery fitting together like the complex construction of a great locomotive, but unless those vital currents of spiritual life, which prove the presence of the Holy Ghost, prevail, the campaign will be but a dry, mechanical thing after all. Mark! It is not enough



Left, F. M. Linn, Tommy Harrison, Sgt. Maggie McIntyre, Sgt. Maggie Johnson, Capt. C. H. Elliott, Little Frank Davidson, Sgt. C. A. Llewellyn, Sgt. Annie Harrison, Capt. Bob Lawrence, Sam McNeil, Capt. Watkins, Tommy Cooke.

for the leader of the campaign to be charged with Divine power; if it is absent amongst the soldiers the Holy Ghost will not work, souls will not be saved. In such a case it is no good talking to sinners, the stumbling-block of lukewarm sinnership must be cleared away and the troops brought into living connection with God the Holy Ghost, then souls will be saved. Comrades, are we ready for soul-saving? Are we each committed to and controlled by the Holy Ghost?

"How can He be got," do you ask? See! THIS KIND GOETH NOT OUT BUT BY PRAYER AND FASTING. Fasting— which says NO to SELF every time, and YES to JESUS as He gives His hints to the heart; prayer—which develops to communion, fellowship, ecstasy, and comes forth after long waiting in the secret place bright with Shem's glory. Are you a praying man? If so, you are a powerful man. Prepare, comrades, prepare! If that warrior comes to the fight spiritually filled, the power of God will prevail, the victory will be assured, the Commandant and those who have front-rank responsibility will be lifted up, inspired, and made channels of rich and lasting blessing to precious souls. God grant it.

REFLECTIONS FOR THIRTEENTH ANNIVERSARY DEMONSTRATIONS.

CHARACTER BUILDING is God's great work, far more important to Him and us than that we should see the fruit of our labor every time, and back in the sunshine of visible success.

THE ONLY GENUINELY satisfactory and permanent method of character building is that which commences at the cross of Jesus Christ with a true faith in God and a hearty renunciation of every known evil practice.

"CROWNS AND THRONES may perish, kingdoms rise and wane," and the great men who were their gods and lords pass from the wearing of the royal purple and the halls of the Senate, but the individual who has received and is controlled by the SPIRIT OF TRUTH and thro' that SPIRIT is successful in securing the salvation of sinners, is doing a work which will endure when the doling of statesmen and politicians have passed away "like the baseless fabric of a dream."

A HOG in a palace would be a hog still. You would have to change his nature to make him fit with his surroundings. The world has already

seen the proof of this in the history of people who in the midst of learning, art and culture were enslaved by the vilest vices. Regeneration casts out the hog nature and confers the divine nature,—love.

OIL, THE MAGNIFICENT privilege of being a co-worker with God in procuring the change of nature and character from sin to righteousness which we call conversion. Do we Salvationists appreciate this privilege?



Colonel Jai Bhai has been appointed to take charge of Gujarat.

Commissioner Rees has been leading wonderful meetings at Woodstock, Capetown. A hundred souls were captured.

A home for the deaf and dumb is being started by Commissioner Bidebel.

The Fleet Division of our Indian Army has raised seven Bhel candidates. A visitor who has seen them describes them as likely to make real backbone officers, not at all after the jelly-fish style.

The shelter at Malm (Sweden) is crowded out every night, and Commissioner Bidebel has decided on an immediate extension from sixty to 150 beds.

The South African coloured winter War Cry went off like wild-fire. They were unable to supply the demand, though some twelve thousand copies were printed.

Major Pearce's letter from Lisbon reports all well, and although out of the four hundred passengers on board, only about fifty are English. He is doing his best in meetings and efforts for their blessing and salvation.

The drink bill at most London hospitals is much less than it used to be. At Guy's, for instance, the annuity expended on alcoholic liquors for the patients is at a rate of nine shillings a bed. In 1902 it was no less than £3 9s!

Capt. Leggett of the I.H.Q. Trade Headquarters, has emphasized on the back of his guernsey a new and original motto. It runs, "Every penny profit felt to save the world."

Personalia.

ANNIVERSARY SCHOOLS FROM TORONTO.

THE COMMANDANT leaves on Saturday for his trip to the West Ontario Province to continue his revival meetings, which have been so encouraging in Toronto. Then follows the East Ontario Province, the Maritime Province, and Newfoundland. Major Strout will accompany the Commandant.

BIGBIE CLIBBORN expects to arrive in the city in the course of ten days. We shall be glad to welcome him and listen to his experience.

THERE IS every prospect of Mrs. Booth visiting the Northwest and Pacific Provinces in December, and the Commandant in January.

CAPTAIN DODGE comes to Headquarters to assist in the Finance Department.

MAJOR HOWELL is here, there and everywhere these days. Not far off yet, he can be sure to come across Adjutant Ayre.

ENSIGN AHALETT knows how to finger a guitar.

ADJUTANT MANTON has the gift of "tears in his voice" when singing a solo. A great gift, says our leader.

ENSIGN RITCHIE afforded the comical much amusement by his "great feelings."

CAPTAIN MCKENZIE, of Richmond street, should be complimented on his very artistic style of painting mottoes.

COLONEL HOLLAND was appointed the Commandant's "Lieutenant" and Brigadier Jacobs "Sergeant-Major" during the councils.

"FATHER" MILES, from Barrie, figured greatly as a praying Salvationist.

BIGBIE CLIBBORN has equal claims in leading a prayer meeting. Truly a "wrestling Jacob."

THE COMMANDANT'S Bible readings are all. They go right to the heart of the matter.

LIEUTENANT SLATER, from the Manitowish Islands, showed the shrewdness of his Scotch nature in a certain question re the War Cry that was under discussion.

STAFF-CAPTAIN SOUTHALL, now, if you please. The Adjutant got a first-rate bounce out of the old title to the new.

CAPTAIN WOOD came to the Council on crutches. She fell from the rig when out collecting for Harvest Festival.

ENSIGN LOWRY was introduced to the large Temple audience on the Sunday night as the new officer for that corps.

ENSIGN BURDETTE made himself thoroughly at home among his new Canadian comrades.

ENSIGN BLACKBURN, the Collingwood Bishop, and much difficulty in convincing his colleagues in Council on a certain point, but he means well.

ENSIGN TAYLOR speaks right from the shoulder. Very straight, indeed when she gets on one of her favorite subjects.

ENSIGN BOWELL stole away from the West Ontario Province and came over to see us.

CAPTAIN JIM ADAMS, just returned from his Northwest foraging, is now familiarly known as "London-ly."

THE LASSIES' BANDS are doing good service.

THIRTEENTH Anniversary. Hurrah! A THIRTEENTH years' miracle—the Army in Canada.

THIRTEEN years of fighting, and in spite of all setbacks, crowned with glorious victory. Provincial centres celebrate. U B there.

ANNIVERSARY meetings are for souls. Pray! pray!! pray!!!

HAVE GOD AND THE ARMY done anything for you? If so, show your gratitude by joining in the fight for souls.

ANNIVERSARY * CELEBRATIONS!

THE QUEEN CITY HAS IT FIRST,

London, Kingston, St. John, N. B., and St. John, Nfld., to follow.

The First Day's Fight a Triumph.

THE - COMMANDANT - ON - THE - BRIDGE - THROUGHOUT.

Plenty of People—Big Open-Airs—Powerful Addresses—Three Seekers in Morning, Six in the Afternoon, and Seven at Night.

THE WEEK NIGHT MEETINGS GOING WELL.

SUNDAY.

Thirteenth Anniversary Blessings Multiplied.

"You cannot have your cake and eat it, too," says the old adage, but that is just about what is taking place this season in the way we are celebrating the Army's Thirteenth Anniversary in this territory.

Last year ONE big demonstration at the Territorial Headquarters marked the recurrence of the auspicious event, but now each Province will take a hand in the jubilation, and do it within its own borders.

Commencing with the Central Ontario Province, the big goes will revolve round to the Western Ontario, Eastern Ontario, Maritime, and Newfoundland Provinces. This will enable the Commandant to personally inspect a much larger area of Army operations; secondly, it will give the other Provincial centres the benefits of a campaign similar to the one hitherto held at the Territorial centre, and thirdly, it will save a considerable sum of money in the reduced mileage covered by the officers in their journeys to and fro. These are the chief benefits.

The General Secretary Speaks

"There will not only be the advantages mentioned," said Brigadier Jacobs, from whom we had just elicited the above information, "but at each Provincial centre our meetings have been arranged to take place simultaneously with the annual Industrial Exhibition, consequently our people will take advantage of the cheap travelling rates to each place. Another point, which the Commandant may have mentioned to you—these campaigns will be DEVOTED STRICTLY TO SOUL-SAVING; explanations on the model work, recent advances, etc., will hold over for a more convenient season." "Soul-saving only," is the motto.

Toronto Gets First Chance.

Toronto gets the first show in celebrating the thirteenth. Major Howell appreciates the privilege, and has laid himself out to do a good thing by way of arrangements, etc., and up till the time of writing everything is going along like clockwork. The interior of the Temple is equally bright with yellow, red and blue. Captain McKenzie, who seems to have a variety of acquisitions, painted salvation truth pointers on the colored stuff about the walls, so that wherever a sinner looks he gets enough straight truth to convict him right off. Here are a few:—

"Wake up! You might be in eternity to-morrow."

"He square with yourself. Own up."

"Why not a Pentecost now?"

"There are lots of colors, light, and advertising beside; anybody can see we are having, to quote Adjutant Manton, 'high-falutin' times.'"

General Features.

The campaign proper commenced on

Sunday morning. The various city corps united for the first meeting, making the Sabbath-keeping streets of Toronto jubilant with music as they tramped to the rendezvous. They filled up the Jubilee Hall, too, so the Commandant had a good audience when he took the bridge. The afternoon and evening congregations were also good. Said Major Howell to me, as he surveyed the crowd assembled in the Temple at night, "This reminds me of old days at the Temple."

The bulk of the platform work was done by the Commandant, whose heart was evidently heavily weighted with the importance of the campaign. He conducted himself like an ambassador of the living God, who knew the great responsibility of his mission, and the profound trustfulness and importance of those truths he had to deliver. He threw himself, in spite of unfitness physically, full force into the van of the day's battle, and worked at the top notch of endurance, speaking, praying, and fishing. Colonel Holland and Major Streeton were prominent aides, while Brigadier Jacobs, as witty a soul-catcher as ever stepped on a platform, led the prayer-meetings, singing with fiery appeal, awful adjuration, and had horse-sense, till at every wind-up victory's triumphant banner floated serenely over the pentitent form.

The Wrestling Meetings.

The prayer-meetings were well fought out. There were three sunders in the morning. This number was doubled, however, in the afternoon, but at night the toughest resistance of all was encountered. Before the Commandant went fishing there were two persons out, one of whom jumped over three or four forms. Then a fearful spirit of rebellion settled on the people. In some cases tears would flow, in others the inward writhing of conviction was plainly manifested. At last, by a clever strategic movement, the Brigadier got the sinners under the combined fire of all the guns, with the result that five more prisoners were captured, making sixteen the pentitent form for the day. Hallelujah!

This was good, but if those who went away with the guilt of another rejection on their consciences had come to Christ instead, there would have been sixty-six, but it is to be feared that there are some Christ-rejectors attending the Temple meetings who are so fossilized in their rebellion that nothing will awaken them till in their death throes they feel the clutch of the devil upon them, but then, alas, it will be too late. "Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered you together as a hen gathers her chickens under her wings, but YE WOULD NOT!"

MONDAY AFTERNOON.

Ensign Attwell's View of the Initial Meeting of the Council.

This was held in the "upper room" of the St. George's Hall, on Elm street, where all the councils will be held.

Both staff and field officers were there, a nice little company of God's favorite warriors. Major Compain once more favored us with his "Two little girls in blue," attitude and gesture included. The Commandant explained his plans for the coming anniversary meetings, his hopes, his desires, and his determinations. Oh, for a universal revival all over the Canadian and Northwestern field!

By way of creating a family feeling, the meeting was turned into a high-class testimony meeting, the Commandant acting as Canain, his Lieutenant being Colonel Holland, Sergeant-Major Brigadier Jacobs, and the remainder all soldiers. The spirit of true Satanism, out-and-out pervaded the whole assembly. It was inspiring to hear each successive speaker announce his or her determination to live, fight, and die a Satanist. And not in a weak-ass water style, either, were these vows made. In fact, it made one think that a special visitation from Heaven of the blood-and-fire love for our dear Army had been our portion.

One of the most pleasing incidents that happened was the promotion of Adjutant Southall to a Staff-Captaincy, a well-merited honor indeed. The bouncin' he got was the outcome of the love we hope. God bless Staff-Captain Southall.

One after another we heard, and as we looked into the faces and listened to the up-to-date testimonies of old comrades the bands of love and unity were strengthened.

The Commandant's words of counsel and advice still lingered in our ears as we left the hall and prepared for the night meeting.

Fragments of the Addresses.

Our Commandant's addresses were splendid, so rich, full, striking, and powerful. Those who pay attention to his logical utterances and follow the thread of his arguments are full of expressions of pleasure at the singularly rich and full portraiture of truth he pours forth.

The morning address from the well-known sentence of the great apostle, commencing, "Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord," was good to the spiritual palate. Strength, the Commandant declared, was the criterion of genuineness in all religion. Did it make a man stronger than he could be without it? was the test. The answer was the voice, "Training much, but there must first be strength else all other acquirement was useless. The illustration of the end of life with two characters, one who had received strength from God and lived a conqueror, and the other, from whose lips was wrung the sad confession in a dying hour, "My life has been a failure," was most impressive, and drove home the truths already presented.

At night the Commandant read from the eleventh chapter of Matthew's Gospel at the words, "Then began He to upbraid the cities where in most of the night works were done." Turning the truths of this scripture into the present tense, and commencing with the words, "Woe unto thee, Toronto," he drew a startling picture. Toronto, favored city, enlightened people, the remembrance of thy Sabbath school days,

city of churches, sermons, teachers, and greatly privileged—had Tyre and Sidon stood on such an altitude of time, and been able to look back on that night of nights—Christ on Calvary, as does Toronto, they would have repented in sackcloth and ashes as it was, the judgment would be less awful and the penalty less severe upon these cities than upon those who reject Christ in this. Why? Because penalty is in proportion to the light and privilege we deserve. Jesus said of those who have light and yet love darkness, to them shall be the greater damnation. You deal with your child on the same principle: you do not punish it for what it does not know, but according to its light and knowledge. It will be more tolerable for the idolater who takes from his pocket his god of brass to worship, or the Parsee who worships the sun, than for the heathen of modern times who know God's truth and sport with it, who hear of God's judgment and risk it. You are going to be judged according to what you KNEW. The church minister's warnings, your mother's prayers, with every good influence that reached you will all be brought into the balances when you are acquitted or condemned; better never to hear the voice of God again till you meet Him in judgment, if you are still determined to fight Him.

"Find me the man (heaven) who said I'll understand it all or I'll have nothing to do with it," gave more arguments a knock-down.

In comparing notes of these addresses with the actual thing as delivered on the platform with all the force and fervor of a great heart and mind aflame with the realization of the profound truths presented, a feeling of deep disappointment comes over me that no adequate idea is given the reader of our leader's platform deliverances.

MONDAY NIGHT'S FIGHT.

As Seen by Capt. Ross. A Detailed Description and a Drum-Head Penitent.

COMMANDANT AND MAJOR HOWELL led the way from the Temple doors, where already a curious crowd had gathered at the strains of the Staff band.

Downage to Adelaide, where the double ring of Salvationists is surrounded by a dense throng of hearers and lookers-on. "On your knees, comrades, sing it from your hearts." How it rings out from 200 voices, the grand old coronation chorus:

"I will follow Thee, my Saviour,
Thou hast shed Thy blood for me;
And though all this world forsake me,
By Thy grace I'll follow Thee."

The Commandant calls on "the oldest and the youngest." It is touching to see them standing in the ring together, the old man with snowy hair and flowing beard, looking quite patriarchal, with the ring of his well-nigh run, yet with clear testimony to the truth of God's word that "At eventime it shall be light," and the boy with the bloom of youth and health upon his cheeks, and his manhood and manliness just opening before him, standing to acknowledge Jesus as his Saviour and Guide.

Three steps step into the ring. The first thinks she is the happiest girl in Toronto, to end be the glory, but the Commandant surmises that the next lassie will probably dispute her claim, which she does by the declaration, "I think I am the happiest girl in the world."

For all soldiers, whom the Commandant playfully styles "the six-foot brigade," give straight testimony. Brigadier Jacobs urges the sinners to act as they would do if they knew they had but five minutes to live and while the lovely words are sung:

"The wounds of Christ are open.
Sinner, they were made for thee."
A poor lad kneels at the drum-head.

Inside Meeting.

THE MAIN HALL of the Temple is already fairly well filled on our return, and the march, as it is intended that it should, draws large numbers to the meeting.

The opening song strikes the keynote of the evening. "Oh, wanderer,

knowing not the smile of Jesus' love-face."

Major Cumplin and Ensign Wale lead us to God for His blessing of Holy Ghost power.

"On thro' the lingering years of life God's message of mercy is ringing," is the refrain of the solo which followed, and the intense faces of the audience and the hush show that the words are striking home. Ensign Taylor declares that "A wonderful Saviour is Jesus," from personal experience of the love of Staff Captain and Mrs. Bell (nee Major Chatterton, of Eastbourne fame), on a visit from Buffalo, where they are in charge of the "Salvation Ark," are greeted with hearty welcome as they make their way to the front. A solo from him, and Mrs. Bell speaks of her pleasure in being with us, in recognizing old friends in the Commandant and Colonel Holland (who was her first D.O.), and above all, in the knowledge of God and His power to save and to keep.

The Commandant takes the Bible and reads the story of

Wrestling Jacob,

while all true hearts are lifted to God for His blessing on the speaker and for His word. It was too intensely interesting for me to take a verbatim report had I been able, but a few outlines will be full of blessing:—

After robbing Esau of his birthright Jacob had fled from his home. It is a strange coincidence that many men prosper after they have transgressed. It had been so with Jacob. He went away twenty years before, poor and alone. Now he was returning with much wealth, a great man smiled upon by fortune. But here is Esau coming. Esau—THE EMBODIMENT OF HIS PAST DECEIT AND SIN, and the guilty conscience which makes cowards of us all is aroused. How is he to meet this man Esau? He trembles at the thought. Will Esau take revenge for the past? He looks around on his flocks and possessions, and then at the wife he loves, and says of Esau, "I fear him lest he will come and smite me, and the mother with the children."

He is a cunning man, he has done much by trickery before, he will buy the favor of Esau, and he sends presents and messengers to Esau, who says, "Thy servants are Jacob and Esau." He seeks to compromise with his sin. The half of his possessions he sends another way—he will secure something for himself, he sets out the principle of non-surrender. The messengers return, "Esau is ready to smite you. Morality will not satisfy God's justice. Esau and 400 men are coming to meet him—Esau equivalent to his sin, the 400 men his retribution. Every man's sin will smite him, slowly, perhaps, but none the less surely, and not alone, but bringing its own retribution with it."

What can he do?

What did he do? Did what millions of other sinners have done since: went to God (Shouts of hallelujah). His prayer was for deliverance. The thought of his loved ones suffering through his sin was bitter to him. He prayed for them. Sinner, how about your wife and children? Are they not suffering and to suffer through your sin? Given by God to be reared for heaven, are you rearing them for damnation? Then he made restitution; sent all he had "over the lord Jacob," and remained alone with God until the morning. Nothing held back now. He risked all. "And there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day." Not that Jacob wrestled with God, but God came and wrestled with Jacob; wrestled with him about his past, his present, his future. So still does God wrestle with the sinner. By the graveside of some dear one, as the cold eyes dropped upon the coffin-lid God wrestled with you. Knowing by the dying couch of wife or child, clasping the stiffened hand, looking into the fast-closing eyes, God has wrestled with you. Then Jacob wrestles with God. "I will not let Thee go until Thou bless me." But not for long. God asks of him the question asked of every sinner, "What is thy name?" The name in the old days was significant of the CHARACTER of the individual. The answer to the question meant a confession of the nature, the character, underneath the name.

Sinner, what is thy name? What is the name of that sin that determines your character, that makes you what you are?

Various are the answers, various as the individuals' natures vary. Lust, avarice, pride, Sinner, what is thy name? Then Jacob asks God for His name.

Who art Thou?

What is Thy character?

God answered Jacob as he will answer every other sinner, not by a reply to his reason or his curiosity, but by a blessing in his heart. "I blessed him there," and he came out from the wrestlings of that night no longer Jacob, the supplanter, but a new man with a new name, Israel, "Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart. Come quickly from above. Write Thy new name upon my heart. Thy new best name of love."

Practical lessons:—

1. Be sure your sin will find you out.
 2. However black the sin may be, God can save and change the heart. A well-fought-out prayer-meeting concluded the attack.
- (The balance of the meetings will be reported next week.)

Quaint Quips.

Hardly Appropriate.

A collection was lifted in a Boston Sunday school for a foreign mission, and the pupils of one class were asked each to repeat a verse from the Bible appropriate to the occasion. The first boy said:

"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

"Good!" cried all. And then they went on: "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver." "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," and so on.

One boy staggered the teacher a bit by quoting, "The spirit is willing but the flesh is weak," but a certain amount of appropriateness was recognized.

"Give the devil his due," lightened some faces when the next boy blurted out, but the climax was reached and the quotations ended when another boy shouted, "A fool and his money are soon parted."

How to Reach the Masses.

"Help, help!" cried the bather, "I'm drowning! Toss me a line!"

"I haven't got a line," shouted the man on shore, "but if you'll keep up five minutes I'll run up to the hotel and get my swimmer's manual. It'll tell you what to do in a case of this kind."

But it was not necessary. A kindly wave came along and washed the bather ashore in safety.



Candidate Caro for Lazarus.

The above is the picture of Candidate Murdoch, of Wingham, Ont. The number of boxes she has scattered throughout Wingham is 50. From these \$8.05 was gathered during the last collection. No doubt when she becomes a field officer she will inspire others to take hold of the G. B. M. scheme.

Across that Bourn from Whence do Traveller Returns.

FATHER KEMP,

One of Hamilton's Earliest Warriors.

"WELL DONE, GOOD AND FAITHFUL SERVANT"

"We'll all stand the storm, it won't be long. We'll have by and bye."

was a favorite chorus of our comrade. It can now be said that: he STOOD THE STORM, and is anchored safely where no storm can reach his barque.



FATHER KEMP, Hamilton I.

FATHER KEMP was one of the first soldiers of Hamilton I. corps, and

For Eleven Years

stood by the cause he espoused. He DIED A SOLDIER, with the same love that constrained him to risk beneath the yellow, red and blue.

He loved the Army, and was always at his post, ever ready to give his testimony, or a word of cheer and encouragement to his fellow-comrades. He was a lover of early knickerdrill, and was present to the last.

The writer visited him during his illness, and found him patiently suffering. He said, "I thought I was going last night," and seemed to be disappointed that he did not go. When

Suffering Intense Pain

he would look up and say, "My blessed Jesus is so good to me—it won't be long. I'll soon be with him, when I shall know no more pain." For him of a true death had lost its sting and the grave its victory.

We gave him A SOLDIER'S FUNERAL. His remains were carried outside the house and then into the open air, with a large crowd of soldiers and friends. We had a most impressive service. A large crowd of soldiers fell in line and followed to the cemetery.

At the grave the crowd that had gathered listened attentively to the comrade, who spoke of our departed comrade, and there by the open grave we promised again to be true and fight the fight of faith until we also hear the "well done."

Sunday night A MEMORIAL SERVICE was held, when a number of comrades spoke of the loss of so faithful a comrade, and of his Christ-like life on earth. A man and his wife, knickerdrill, volunteered and found pardon for the past. They promised to take their places in the ranks of the Army and be soldiers loyal and true. ENSIGN McLEAN.

She Turns and Waves Her Hand.

MILLBROOK.—MRS. WM. RAPER, formerly LEVITT KILLINGBROOK, has gone. We know she is with Jesus. Though suffering much, she felt Jesus was near. She could hear the bells of Heaven ringing.

Frequently she would say, "Come, Lord Jesus, come and take me."

Come Quickly, do, Dear Jesus."

Throwing her arms round her husband's neck, who was weeping over her, she said, "Don't cry, Billy, I shall soon be in glory, and, oh, prepare to meet me there!"

We gave her AN ARMY FUNERAL, and beside her grave we promised to be true and meet her in Heaven. She was ONE OF THE FIRST SOLDIERS in the corps, and at the memorial service one after another spoke of how she had been a blessing and help to them. After years of faithful service, for a short time our sister's experience was the sad one of a luck-slender, but last April—little thinking death was so near—she came back to the Saviour, and He received her and healed all her longings.

The husband of our comrade has come out on the Lord's side.

CAPT. VEREN.

PERTH.—Death has visited our ranks and taken away the two children of BROTHER AND SISTER CHAS. MOORE, which were dedicated but a short time ago. They were taken away within two weeks of each other. Brother and Sister Moore have the prayers and sympathy of comrades and friends.—Capt. Teeple.

SELF!

BY MAJOR DEAN.

If we are correctly instructed, this Self turned angels to devils and transformed pure innocence into guilt, drew a curtain over the smiling face of God, troubled the angels, and spied the night of woe and death over all the world of human beings. Self opened the fountain of tears which has never been stopped, made the nerves roads for the feet of pain to read, and the arteries rivers thro' which flow disease, madness and death. What caused the wars, the groans in the hospitals, the wails of the hungry in our streets, the pains which the poor neglected child feels as she vainly seeks some shelter? Self did it all, and yet Self always cries, "Not me!" When the first man was called to account for the missing fruit as well as for his missing confidence, he exclaimed, "Not me, the woman!" and, true to the clearest begotten within her own heart, the woman said, "Not me—the serpent." Do not parents recognize the same thing in their children? How often the child might be rebuked as mischievous will say, "Not me!" And the Self may nearly always be identified by his habit of downing himself.—From "Full Salvation"



FATHER CONNOR, Speaker, said 33 Cured in one day.

WASHINGTON'S EARLY INNINGS.

Griffith's Corners Crusade—Advances on Voorhees—Reinforced by Recruits—March on to Conquer Coulee City.

SHORT HISTORY OF THE WORK OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN DOUGLAS COUNTY, WASHINGTON.

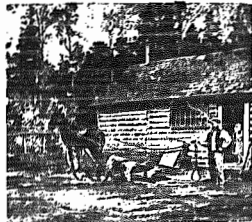
PART I.

During the latter part of December, 1894, a revival meeting was in progress in the United Brethren church at Voorhees school-house.

A few days before it closed, however, several soldiers of the Salvation Army left the outpost at Griffith's Corners, in Adams county, in this State, for VOORHEES, for the purpose of holding meetings. But they lost their way and did not reach that place until the United Brethren meeting had closed. Then commenced a series of meetings in this county, which has resulted in the salvation of

Over Two Hundred Souls.

The soldiers were A. Bradley and R. H. Craig, of KROKANE, Wash., and William Crosswell and Samuel Carlton, of GRIFFITH'S CORNERS, Wash.



The North-West could not see, nor is it possible to find, better spirits than the intelligent, but serious and loyal people. They are producers, they live on to a life.

It was manifestly the work of God that Voorhees was selected as a fit place for demonstrating that the "Gospel is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth," for the settlement was distracted by feuds and neighborhood troubles. As a result of the preaching of a "full and free salvation," nearly all the professed Christians came out and made a definite stand for God, being employed with new lease of spiritual life. In addition to this, about twenty-five began to serve God, and the people generally were drawn together in a wonderful degree. THE MINISTER OF THE UNITED BROTHERS is now a soldier in the Salvation Army, and will, in all probability, go into the work.



Besides three great water systems, which connect the North-west with the great seas of the north, the east and the south, there are many smaller rivers and runs, some of which are almost limitless water power, while they drain and fertilize the country.

About the time the meetings closed the news reached me AT COULEE CITY. I at once dispatched a letter to Bro. John H. Smith, of Voorhees, inviting the soldiers to hold meetings at Coulee City. The letter reached Bro. Smith at the close of the last meeting. The soldiers decided that the invitation was

In God's Order,

and at once made the necessary ar-



Adj. Rawlings, Lieut. Anderson,

Cornet, P.B.Q.

Lieut. Gibbs, Guitar.

Autolap.

Capt. Spencer, Cornet, P.B.Q.

Capt. Kemp, Tambourine.

rangements. Two of the soldiers—Crosswell and Carlton—returned home, and the others, aided by recruits from Voorhees, came to Coulee City and commenced holding meetings.

At the first they were not generally welcomed. A few families threw open their homes, and in the name of Christ gave them a cordial greeting. But a change came over the people, and the soldiers were soon received into about every home in the city, and the people were sorry to have them go away. They expressed their appreciation of the work done by taking up a handsome collection. As a result of a two weeks' meeting forty-three came to the fountain, and the greater part had bright experiences. Several church members were brought out into new light and are now rejoicing in sure of the Saviour's love than they had ever before possessed.

A SOLDIER.

VICTORIA.—Since last you heard from us eight souls have sought salvation in our meetings. Captain Rummel and Lieutenant Ziebach are doing their best for God and souls.

Ensign McDonald has paid us his first visit, which is to be repeated every month. Victoria folks will all ways have a hearty welcome ready for their D. O. At knee-drill God came very near, and the folks who stayed at home to ponder the question, "What must it be to be there?" indeed a big blessing. Five meetings

TRUE!

"LETUS FINDOUT" gives this little picture true to life in Canada as well as in the States:

Some people, I believe, want to run away every time their ears tingle. They are not saved above superstition, and they are always imagining somebody is taking HI about them if their ears throb.

Not long ago I was in a strange corps, and I went to a young woman who did not hold up her hand when I asked for that evidence of who was saved. I went because no one else went near her. I suppose the rest knew who she was, and so did not try to talk to her.

"Are you saved?" I asked. "No sir," she gasped. I concluded she was a backslider, and I said: "Ever been to the pentecost-form?"

"Yes, sir. I was sitting on the platform till last night, wearing a bonnet."

I felt as if I was trying to bite at my breath to keep a hold of it.

"What has happened?" I asked as sympathetically as I could, for it did really seem a little funny.

There was only a sad shake of the head. "Must be something terrible," I reasoned. "Have you murdered anybody?" I asked.

Another and headshake.

"Committed robbery?"

The same headshake, but a little sadder.

"Fornery?"

Only a sigh this time.

"Treason?" I gasped, as a last inquiry, horrified that one so young and promising had ever become so densely desperate, and yet hoping it was something at least exciting enough to make a WAR CRY story.

"No, I did nothing," she answered.

Well, what was the matter? I finally found out it was all because she had heard that somebody heard that somebody else heard that they heard that somebody had said something about her!

I haven't recovered from that shock yet!

But all I want to say to you is to be brave and keep your hands to the plow, or you will be found unworthy the Kingdom. God bless you!

A religion that does not stick to a man during business hours is not good after business hours.



BUTTE! Good-bye trees; good-bye grass; good-bye green of any kind; good-bye—God, I was going to say, but no I won't, because we have some very warm friends there who love God and the S.A. Could not see a blade of grass in and about the city. I presume the poisonous fume from the smelters and the acid in the water kills the vegetation there. Here, as nowhere else, I realized that God made the country, but man made the city.

Butte corps is not going behind in the Harvest Festival procession. A soldier brought in a wagon load of green stuff, and I am sure that ought to be an attraction for the Butteites. One soldier walked twenty miles to get to the meeting and of course, got blessed. Crowds turned out well, and the meetings went off nicely. Brother Tippet farewelled for the field, and I trust to get some more candidates from Butte before long.

"Six hundred feet under the surface of the earth we are now," said Brother Howe, who acted as guide for us in one of the richest copper mines of Butte. And yet we might imagine we were in the engine room of some on-the-ground factory. The wood work which covers the sides and the ceiling was exceedingly white, being very frequently whitewashed. The floor is equally clean, and every part of the large steam pump is shining, glittering or painted. It is well that we should take a lesson and keep our feet clean. The wonderful life-pump—clean. The miners are very friendly, and one of them broke us off a piece of the finest Peacock ore (copper ore, so called from the colors which are like the ones in the peacock's feathers), as a memento on our trip in their mine. "Offer up a prayer for us," said one miner.

"Please ask the Colonel to send in the ambulance to-morrow," said Capt. Corlett, of Missoula. "What do you want the ambulance for?" queried I in alarm. "For to take us out to the For. five miles from here. It is a rig with four horses, which Col. Burt has kindly offered to us any time we want to hold meetings among the troops. God bless the Colonel. By the way that convert who gave himself up is here in guard and is looking saved, they tell me. Missoula corps is improving and the crowds are getting better. I'll soon be back on a good go-as-it. Good-bye, dear Cry."

Yours in the Blood and Fire,
BRUNO FRIEDRICH,
Major.

GRAVENHURST.—God is giving us victory at Gravenhurst. H. F. times of blessing, three souls in the fountain here, and two at outpost, Sparrow Lake. All returned to give God the glory. We have the Newfoundland Lieutenant dancing happy—Captain Fred Young.

NAPANEE.—God is working in our midst. Interests becoming greater, sinners feeling their need of salvation and are coming to the cross, others seeking a deeper work in their hearts. Hallelujah! We work in for victory.—Lieut. May Ward.

WALLACEBURG.—Hallelujah to the Lamb is the song we are singing. Yesterday, Sunday, meetings good, interest good, barracks full at night. One soul for passion. Finished with a wind-up and march around barracks. Others deeply convicted, must soon yield.—M. C. Elsbary, B. C. Ogilvie, corps officers.

SHELBERNE.—Seven months' fighting here, then we have to say good-bye to the Shelburne comrades and friends. We have learned to love the Shelburne people for their kindness.—Lieut. Allard.

GALT.—Captain Wiseman and Lieutenant Barker have been working hard to make H. F. a success. Target day, Sunday night, we had the joy of seeing TEN SOULS saved at the Saviour's feet. Some saved at some crisis. Lieutenant and Sergeant Major danced. We all marched round the barracks.—Joe.

Eastern Fire! TRADE DEPARTMENT!

PROVINCIAL ANNIVERSARY—THE COMMANDANT'S VISIT—ST. JOHN EXHIBITION—ENTHUSIASTIC RALLY—BOYCLE BROADSIDE—MUSICAL DEMONSTRATION, ETC.

BY BRIGADIER SCOTT.

Two exhibitions will take place in St. John, viz., Canada's International Exhibition, and the exhibition of the Salvation Army. Dates have been fixed. See notice in other parts of the Cry.

Expectations are running high for successful and unprecedented demonstrations, both outside and inside. The Mechanical Institute has been engaged for four days—Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday. Ample accommodation for crowds of all kinds, big and little, rich and poor, great and small, high and low, few and many, and the free Army. All may come and see the glorious Army.

CANDIDATES ARE SPECIALLY INVITED. If you want your case to go through quick, now is your chance. Come. Don't delay. Get to the front of the fight as soon as you can. David and Daniel are wanted. Devils and hell are in earnest; so must we be. Lord, help us! Now, candidate, prepare! It won't cost you much. Cheap rates will be issued, and this will be a grand chance to take part in the Provincial Anniversary.

YOU OUGHT-TO-BE CANDIDATES. What about you who should be a candidate and are holding back? How many times have you written your application and yet failed to post it? Come now, let's get to an end of this kind of thing, and go through at all cost. You come to St. John. Lay your case before the Commandant. Give God and the Army a chance to see you at the front of the battle. Now, sisters and brothers, what do you say? Remember the dates and days, and come.

WHAT ABOUT THE LOCAL OFFICERS? If, dear reader, you are one, then we should certainly like you to come now for a grand rally of the local officers, secretaries, treasurers, Sergeant-Majors, etc., etc. Here is a beautiful chance to meet together, shake hands, exchange greetings, sing and pray together, and unite in petitioning God for a triumph of the Holy Ghost on the Martine Province. What about the Local Officers' Council? Well, we shall see, more anon, but arrange to come. Come by all means. Remember St. John is the spot.

WHAT ABOUT THE HANDSMEN? Yes, by all means we must not forget them. Note the mammoth musical demonstration will be on the Wednesday night. Remember the Commandant's leadership of that great orchestra of five thousand handsmen? My, what a mighty tornado of music that would be! If we cannot muster five thousand then we will do the next best thing and have a regular smash on the Wednesday night. Now, handsmen, polish up your cornets, euphoniums, etc., make them shine, and shine yourself and come shining and shining all the time, and doubly shine on the Wednesday night. Amen! Now, Halifax, Fredericton, New Glasgow, Woodstock, etc., etc., let's have a rally and break the record. Hurrah!

THE SOLDIERS AND JUNIORS. Shall I forget these? Why, no. We want a mighty Army of Salvation in St. John during exhibition week; red-hot religion, salvation outside as well as in. Blood and fire to the front. The Salvation Army the talk of the day, and the religion of Jesus Christ to be preached from the housetops and all round. Now, soldiers, here's a good chance for you to come to the city. This chance you will not have again. Take it now. Prepare beforehand. Come sisters, brothers, fathers, mothers, juniors. Ah, yes, the juniors. We must not forget them. They are the coming Army. Now, officers, for a rally amongst the children.

General Trade Rules:

- I.—Write your name and address distinct and in full.
- II.—Give full particulars about goods desired; for instance, Cape, state size or Bonnets, state size and quality, etc.
- III.—Send cash with all orders, and postage if value of order is less than one dollar.
- IV.—To Ontario and Quebec we pay postage and expressage on all orders over one dollar, except single Cape and Uniforms! Bonnets.
- V.—We do not pay expressage on Tailoring goods, made up or cut from piece.
- VI.—All Tailoring orders should be accompanied by cash in full or part of order, the balance in the letter. Instance will be collected G. O. D., unless sent to us before goods are shipped.
- VII.—Make all post office orders or cheques payable to Messrs H. M. Davis.
- VIII.—Prices may vary in the Eastern and Western Provinces, owing to distance.

STATIONARY BAND TUTOR!

For Officers and Soldiers.

THE SALVATIONIST'S WRITING TABLE'S—Cheap Letter Paper, large size, 4 in design and motto, ruled paper, 50 sheets and blotter, 15c. Cheap Note Paper, ruled, with designed motto, 100 sheets and blotter, 15c. 150 sheets and blotter, 20c.

STATIONARY PACKETS, containing 20 envelopes and 25 sheets note paper, 1 in 4, and blotter, 25c.

THE SALVATIONIST'S STATIONARY BOX—Containing a pad of 50 sheets of the best note paper, 25 sheets note paper, 50 envelopes, two sizes, and a blotter, in a handsome box, 40c.

ENVELOPES—Large packet, containing 25, with design printed on each, 10c. Four packets, 35c.

NOTE.—We can print special headings or mottoes desired, in one or more colors, on cheap, medium, or fine paper. Orders promptly attended to.

Perfection Instruments.

1. The Fundamentals of Music
2. The Horn Drum.
3. The Side Drum.
4. The Tambora.
5. The Triangle.
6. The Tamborina.

Also collection of pieces, different styles, with good cover. **ONLY 25 CENTS.**

TESTIMONIALS

DID YOU SAY? Why, certainly. What do you think of these for a start?

New Haven, Conn., Aug. 24th, 1893.
STAFF-CAPT. HORN,

DEAR COMMANDANT,—I received my suit yesterday, and am delighted with it. The fit is perfection.

Yours in Jesus,
K—W—, Capt.

Huntington, P. Q., August 19, 1893.

DEAR STAFF-CAPTAIN.—I received my jacket so safe, and consider the waterproof a real beauty. It fits me first class, and I am well satisfied. Yours faithfully,

J. H. M.

Newcastle, Aug. 26th, 93.

DEAR SECRETARY.—I received my jacket in good or on Saturday evening, and am well pleased with it. I enclose sample of goods and want you to let me know what it would cost to have a dress made up from them, both with and without splicing jacket. I think that perhaps in about a month I may be able to send you another order. I used to have an idea that it would be so much more expensive having an order filled so far away, but I find I can have it done much cheaper, besides helping on the war.

C. L. A. L. E.

WAR CRY FRIENDS' BOOK.

STRONG COVER. WELL BOUND. ONLY 15c. EACH.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES Per Year.

The War Cry	25c
Your Country	1.50
All the World	1.50
The Deliverer	0.50
Musical Salvationist	1.00

G. SHINING LIGHT.

STAMPED ON A BRIGHT SILVER BACKGROUND. Size, 7 1/2 x 5 inches.—Price, 10c. each.

God is Love. Praise the Lord. God will provide. Thy will be done. Mightily to save. Jesus only.



I. OXFORD TEXTS.

Size, 5 x 4 inches. Price, 10c. each.

He is faithful that promises.

Unfailing are the ever-lasting arms.

His banner over me is love.

To establish the living soul.

Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Commit thy way unto the Lord.



H. SILVER BELL SERIES.

Size, 5 x 4 inches. Price, 10c. each.

My grace is sufficient for thee.

The Christ has made us free.

The Lord is my Shepherd.

He is faithful that promises.

Give thanks unto the Lord.

With my pen will I praise Him.



BONNETS!

Just arrived from England. Bare \$1.50. They are going fast. Send us your order at once.

OFFICERS! A Word in Ear to Year War!

Do you subscribe to "The Officer?" The July number, just to hand, is a beauty. Don't miss it. To "Herb's Army," by the Editor is something special.

JUST ARRIVED.

July and August Numbers of "The Musical Salvationist"

The July specialty is Mrs. C. O. Mander. An old-time famous song, "Is My Cross too Much for Me?" arranged for a string band of seven pieces.

A VALUABLE NUMBER

The Latest Set for a Musical Festival!

Suitable for a Church Service!

"The Life of Christ in Verse," specially arranged by M. J. Saver. It's the August number of the "Musical Salvationist." Price 10c.

THE SUNDAY will be set apart for a red-hot day of religion. The "Musical" Institute will be the scene of the battle; war to the knife. The sword of the Lord and of Gideon. The Army. Great slaughter and gash-crime up of the wounded. Glorious opening of the pool, and mighty rack of penitents. What a sight 'twill be! Gigantic holiness convention. Salvation afternoon and night, monster open-air, early kneecrunch, etc., etc., will be the order of the day.

THE COMMANDANT will lead. Let every comrade pray for his strength and inspiration from out and the Holy Ghost; bear him up to the throne of grace that he may come amongst us as a prophet, and a man whose heart God has touched. Much will rest upon his shoulders. What with councils, interviews, public meetings, etc., let's all pray that God will uphold him in His strength and grace.

YOU SHOULD SEE the Monday night demonstration above everything else. This will be uniquely unique, superb, charming, charming, attractive, taking, and helpful all round. Each district with a special uniform and banners. Look out for the Shields. Keep your eye open that you don't miss the bicorne brigade. What's a woman there is a fiery chariot. Dear oh, dear. And I cannot tell you what won't be on hand. G. R. M. will have a show, and St. John will have such a stirring up and a grand display of Salvation Armyism as they have not had for many a long day. Monday night, my friend, remember and don't you forget.

TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY. Yes. We shall keep up the record. It won't break it, on these two nights. I must be brief, as I see visions of the W. P. B. Have mercy, Mr. Editor. I notice I was out altogether last week, so perhaps I can squeeze in a little more this week.

Great farewell of officers will take place. Captain — is farewelling from — D.O.'s and F.O.'s are all in the swim. Change and change. Farewell and farewell. New appointments will be issued in these meetings. New commissions of officers. Promotion of — and on and so forth.

A special store of uniform will be exhibited. Bonnets, bands, caps, guernseys, etc., etc., can be obtained. There's much more that I cannot think of. Really must stop. I am first of the editor's sisters. More next week. Goodbye.

P.S.—Don't forget, tell Soldier Blair that he must come to St. John fair! For there he'll see without a doubt. A good march in and a good march out. And all his comrades from far and near. And altogether there'll be good there.

Assign ideas was at VOORHEES one Saturday night and Sunday. All the farmers who are about all Salvationists—were very busy with their herders cutting the grain, but they turned out in good numbers. They had a great march into the town. About a dozen plunged in the fountain on Sunday a.m., some went in a-crying and weeping, and came out happy and smiling.

GANANOQUE.—Thank God we are still on the up-grade. Good audience, good order, and good action. Best of all, the joy of seeing souls at the foot of the cross. Visit from our D. O., which we appreciated very much.—Triton.

CLARK'S HARBOR.—Old-time fire is rising. God is saving souls in the houses and in the hall.—Cent. Curry. HELENA, Montana.—We are pleased to report a work of mercy in this place, and believing for a still greater outpouring of the Holy Ghost that Helena shall soon be found at the feet of the Saviour.—Lieut. Morris for Esig Edgecombe.

The Grandest Warfare Ever Waged.

THE INSTRUMENT,
—A TONGUE.

THE FIRE-SYMBOL--A Tongue.

"A Tongue of Fire!"

MAN'S VOICE, GOD'S TRUTH.

The Holy Spirit's Inspiration, a Human Organ.

"Man's speech to his fellow-man: a message in human words to human faculties, from the understanding to the understanding, from the heart to the heart."

NEWCASTLE.—Fight hard, but Jesus lives to help and cheer us.

CLARK'S HARBOR.—Rising. Prospects better than ever. Crowds good. Sinners and backsliders.—J.W.C.

HALIFAX I.—Jubal brigade. Grand meetings. Good crowds. Four precious souls.—Sergt. Major Casbin.

FAIRY SOUND.—Victory. One brother recovered from the ranks of sin. Others convicted.—Capt. Plannell.

DUTTON.—Soldiers full of fire. Opened over on ranks of Satan Sunday. Deep conviction. A break soon.—Capt. Daikens.

PERMIL.—H. F. marked success with presence of God. Comrades rallied fine. Farewell orders have come.—Good-bye.—A. A. Kelly.

KINGSTON.—Heavenly gales blowing. Nine souls at the cross. Beautiful exhibition of goods. String band to the front.—Capt. Carruthers.

SUDBURY.—Visit from Women Workers' Brass Band. Much enjoyed. Two men cried for mercy Sunday. H. P. successful; past the target.

NEWCASTLE.—Special "Poker and Tucks." Brother Storrie with us. Hearts softened because men and women care so little for God.—C.R.

PELLEYS ISLAND.—Seven souls. War Cry sold. Take Cry with me visiting. Great help. Ensign, DO come with some uniform.—Captain Cooper.

BRIDGEWATER, N.S.—Capt. Ratne and Lieut. Mathison said good-bye. Visit from Jubal's Brigade. Meeting much enjoyed. Welcome meeting to new Captain Parsons.—P. A. Hamlin.

PARIS.—H. F. noble, financially and spiritually. Brigadier Margates and Ensign Gledhill. Souls revived and blessed. Much light on our pathway. Sunday night meeting a splendid success. Hearts melted. Sale of produce fine.—Scissors.

SUMMERSIDE.—Times of refreshing. Ensign Galt and Captain Marney with us three days. Meeting in Methodist

Church. Ice cream social. Sister Harding busy, and War Cry seller, Sister Gamble. Three souls, and four souls later.—W. Brown.

MONTREAL II.—Sale well attended. Sergt. Major Baird was auctioneer. Things humming. Everything from sacks of grain to dry-goods and glassware. Coffee supper. Barracks repainted and decorated. Splendid!—W. Goodale, S.C.

INGERSOLL.—H. F. toll, faith and victory. Meetings, nureles, open-air extra good. Hearty invitation to hold salvation meeting in bar-room of one of the principal hotels. Musical meeting at Dorchester. Mrs. Cooper, Captain Stubbs to the front.—M.K.

CAPT. BOGGS, Amherst, was in need of something to hold kerosene oil, so a comrade, who was converted a few months, went down behind a carshed and got two bottles from where he had thrown them, after drinking the liquor they had contained before he got saved. They held the oil nicely. Hallelujah!

Canvas Warfare.

THE "TENT PARTY" arrived in Amherst. Good lively meetings. Capt. Penny helped us.

The soldiers testified. Our musical brother, Lieut. Piercey, sang us a solo; Capt. Penny read and exhorted sinners to repent and Capt. Lorimer followed. On Saturday Mrs. Ensign Bradley present. Large crowd. The duet, "Art Thou Lost?" was simply GRAND.

SUNDAY. At knee-drill our souls were quickened. By reason of the rain, we had holiness meeting in the barracks.

Sunday afternoon. Good crowd. Though the devil did try to create a disturbance. Capt. Boggs, Mrs. Jamieson and Capt. Lorimer spoke of the terrible danger of

Lying in the Devil's Cradle.

Stern denunciation of sin mixed with tenderness and love. Two for salvation.

Two more knelt at the penitent form.

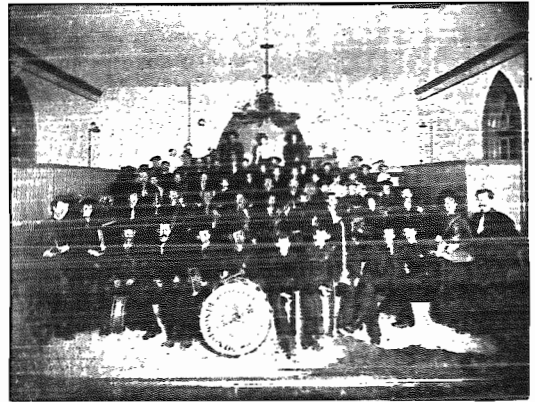
Tuesday the tent was taken down. Meeting in the barracks. The people expressed sorrow that we must leave.—Max.

The plans and specifications of the first Army hall at Hilo have arrived in San Francisco. So we may also expect building operations to commence at an early date. Hawaii is looking up.

The sinner says, "I want to know first."

God repeats, "Come up higher, come up to My standard. Be ye holy even as I am holy."

"Oh no," says the sinner, in his spiritual blindness. "Vanity Fair is good enough for me, I enjoy being down in the mud of sin; I must sow my wild oats; must satisfy my lusts. I cannot give up all the pleasures of life. The standard is too high, I must come down a little."



GANANOQUE CORPS, with some Kingston comrades (by flashlight).

Ensign McDonald

— IN —

British Columbia.

A FEW MINUTES' INTERVIEW.

EVERYBODY IN GENERAL, and the folk who knew him "down East" in particular, were wanting to shake hands and say warm words of welcome. At last our opportunity was seized.

"First Impressions,"

were requested. "Oh, you can say that they have been FAVORABLE IN THE EXTREME, since I entered the country three days ago, the people are beautiful, in fact, I am delighted with everything and everybody so far."

"Your orders came unexpectedly, did they not?"

"Yes, rather; Montreal is some distance from here and I was not dreaming about B. C. when they came."

"Did you break your journey in coming West?"

"No, but as the train stayed twenty-four hours in Winnipeg I was privileged to attend the Sunday night meeting. It was a glorious time. Three souls."

Ensign Clark has things in fine shape at THE WORKINGMAN'S HOTEL."

"Have you found the work progressing favorably in the Coast corps?"

"Yes, I have yet to visit Nanaimo and New Westminster, but from what I saw and heard at Vancouver and Victoria, prospects for the future look bright."

"There has been a change in connection with four appointments, has there not?"

"Yes. The District Headquarters has been removed to Vancouver. This will be found better for the sake of both convenience and economy."

"What do you think of the VICTORIA SHELTER?"

"Oh! it is beautiful, and I think the best equipped in Canada. Yes, victory is ahead. Tell the War Cry to watch B.C.—A. E. R."

HAMILTON I.—Back again to the city, after spending seventeen days at camp meetings. Blessing and being blessed. In the little old church on McNab street our first meeting was held. Of course our old barracks was sold and converted into a railway station. We are anxiously waiting for the Commandant to decide where we shall build. Looking to God. Monday being Labor Day we took advantage of the holiday and had a grand open air. Two drunks came to Jesus, using THE DRUM AS A PENITENT FORM.

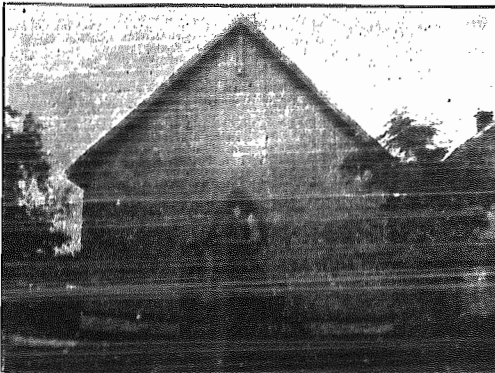
At night No. 1 corps amalgamated with No. 2. "Oh what a time! Dancing happy."

Two souls came back to God and we had just closed when two more came out. Tuesday, two women out for pardon.—Capt. Brindley.

THE SPARK OF LIFE was kindled by the eternal God. It can no more die than matter can cease to be, "in one form or another." If the soul leaves the body in a filthy condition it will remain filthy. As the tree falls so it withers. After the body returns to the elements, it is a continuance for the soul. "It lives," but it is a living death, for it is separated from God. It has not been resurrected into purity and loving obedience to the Divine will.



GANANOQUE BARRACKS, as it was.



GANANOQUE BARRACKS, as it is.

